

THE
HUNTER OF THE ALPS,
A DRAMA,

INTERSPERSED WITH MUSIC.

BY MR. DIMOND, JUN.

AUTHOR OF
THE HERO OF THE NORTH, an Historical Play;
THE SEA-SIDE STORY, a Drama;
PETRARCHAL SONNETS,
POEMS under the Signature of CASTALIO, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
WITH DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS.

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TO A MOTHER,

WHOSE EXEMPLARY MERITS CONCILIATE THE ESTEEM
OF SOCIETY IN GENERAL, WHILE THEY COMMAND
THE GRATITUDE OF HER FAMILY IN PARTI-
CULAR; THE SUBSEQUENT PAGES ARE
MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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C H A R A C T E R S.

Felix,	—	Mr. ELLISTON.
Rosalvi,	— —	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Florio di Rosalvi,		Miss H. KELLY.
Julio di Rolalvi,	—	Master HARREBONE.
Jeronymo,	— —	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Juan,	— —	Mr. TAYLOR.
Baptista,	— —	Mr. PALMER.
Marco,	— —	Mr. SMITH.
Pietro,	— —	Mr. FIELD.

Helena di Rosalvi,		Mrs. GIBBS.
Genevieve,	—	Mrs. TAYLOR.
Claudine,	— —	Miss HOWELLS.
Ninette,	— —	Mrs. MATTHEWS.

Chorus of Hunters, Male and Female Peasantry, &c. &c.

SCENE.—A part of the Alps between Savoy and the Valais.

TIME.—From early Morning untill the Hour of Sunset.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

A C T I.

SCENE—*A Castle Hall.*

PIETRO, CLAUDINE, NINETTE, and *several Domestics*
discovered arranging Furniture in different Parts of
the Stage—JERONYMO *walks about giving Directions*
—JUAN and GENEVIEVE *enter apart from the rest.*

Quartetto and Chorus.

Piet. SPEED, lads, speed! the time draws nigh,
Paullo! Carlo!

Men. - - - - Here am I!

Piet. Flora! Stella!

Females. - - - - Here am I!

Piet. Wipe the mirrors, chalk the floor,
Scatter blossoms round the door,
Lift this table, move that chair,
Place the gilded tripods there.

Juan. & } Gentle god of love ! direct us,
Genev. } Pilgrims to thy shrine we stray,
 Young and witless—ah ! protect us,
 Lest we founder on the way !

Jeron. Zounds ! these women's tongues confound me,

Silence, huffies, silence, pray !
 Cease your babbling, gather round me,
 Mark my orders and obey.

Chorus. Master Steward, wherefore scold us ?
 We'll remember all you told us,
 Fault was ne'er by anger mended,
 Blame not 'till our tasks are ended.

Fer. That's right—hold yourselves all in readiness. Your new master is expected every minute—Hark'ee, you set of rabble ! if you behave with proper respect for my dignity, perhaps I may intercede with the Signor in your behalf, and have you retained in his service.

Gen. Nay, father, but you have never seen him, how then can you tell whether you will be retained yourself ?

Fer. Pooh ! Do you take the Signor for a fool ?—has he not given twelve thousand ducats for this estate, which would not be worth six, but for my admirable management of it ?—No, no—I have been steward of this estate so many years, that——

Juan. (*aside*) That you are no longer fit for the office.

Fer. How now !—what's that you mutter ? Ha !
Juan. what brings you here ? have I not forbidden

you ever to shew your ill-looking face within these walls ?

Juan. Nay, good master Jeronymo——

Jer. Nay, good master varlet!—None of your wheedling tricks with me. I command you, firrah, to be gone.

Gen. Let me plead for him, poor fellow !

Jer. When you can call him *rich* fellow, I may listen to you, 'till then please to be silent. I know well enough what brings him here—fetching fighs, squeezing palms, and turning the whites of his eyes outwards—but it won't do ! I'll have no pauper for a son-in-law—so, my smooth-faced, sweet-spoken master Juan, once for all, I command you to be gone !

Gen. Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! [*Bugle sounds without.*]

Jer. There ! that's the signal—the Signor is arrived—now for it—range yourselves in order, and receive him with a strain worthy of his dignity and my instructions !

Enter FELIX and MARCO.

DUETTO,

Genevieve and Claudine.

Genevieve. Thrice welcome, Signor, to the bowers of Savoy,

In the prayers of it's natives for ever live blest,

Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,

And leave you unchanged when it rolls down the west !

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Beloved and beloved, the light footed hours
 With step that is heard not, here laugh-
 ingly pass,
 Old Time hides his scythe under fillets of
 flowers,
 And scatters in air the dull sand from his
 glass!

Claudine. High Alps gleam around us—a rampart of
 rocks,
 On their white dazzling summits the tem-
 pest oft roves,
 Yet peacefully bleat in the valley our flocks,
 And the murmur of ring-doves is heard
 in our groves.
 Then welcome, Signor, to the bowers of
 Savoy,
 In the prayers of its natives for ever live
 blest,
 Each morn may the sun freshly wake you
 to joy,
 And leave you unchanged when it rolls
 down the west!

All the domestics join in Chorus at the end of each Stanza.

Fel. Thank ye, good people, thank ye!—very pretty song, and very pretty female faces, eh, Marco!

Fer. Now, observe with what respect I shall be received—(*advances to FELIX with grotesque consequence.*) Hem!—Most renowned and illustrious Signor, permit me, the humblest of all your humble servants, with the most profound humility, to introduce my

unworthy person to your notice—hem!—My name, sir, is Perlatti—Jeronymo Perlatti, at your service—hem!—I have the honour to sustain the important functions of steward—major-domo—inspector of repairs—comptroller of accounts——

Fel. (*putting him aside*) I'll hear the rest some other time——(*remarks GENEVIEVE.*) My pretty smiling black-ey'd gentlewoman, whom may you be?

Gen. Oh! Sir, I am only little Genevieve—and that's poor Juan.

Fel. Indeed! and who is he?

Gen. Nobody, as yet, sir—he wants to be my husband, but my father, Jeronymo, here, won't consent.

Fel. Do you want to be his wife?

Gen. Yes, very much indeed, sir.

Fel. Then you love each other?

Gen. Yes, dearly—truly—all our lives long!

AIR, Genevieve.

Ah, mighty sir! if e'er your breast
Felt love's delightful fire,
If stern controul your youth oppress,
And bade love's flame expire;
You then may guess how much I grieve,
And pity—*pauvre Genevieve.*

Now fondly cherish'd in my heart,
Hope fans love's trembling spark;
Ah! should it's beauteous light depart,
'Twould leave the bosom dark!
Then mighty sir, my fears relieve,
And pity—*pauvre Genevieve.*

Fel. Bless her silver pipe! there's simplicity, for you, eh, Marco!—My pretty little Syren, you have sung to some tune—I promise you my protection—Come hither, Juan!

[*As JUAN advances, JERONYMO steps between.*

Fer. Signor! permit me to explain—

Fel. Well, old gentleman, since you will be talking, what objection have you to this Juan for a son-in-law?

Fer. His character is abominable. (*aside to JUAN*) Oh! you profligate!

Fel. What are his crimes?

Fer. Of the most enormous description. (*to JUAN*) Oh! you depraved wretch!

Fel. But what is his principal vice?

Fer. Poverty, my lord, an unpardonable fault, and one that includes every lesser sin.

Fel. Is poverty your only objection to the youth?

Fer. Umph! I do not just at present recollect any other.

Fel. Then object no longer—I give Juan this day a farm upon my estate, and my musical Venus here, shall receive a purse of ducats for a marriage portion. Now what say you, old gentleman?

Fer. Oh, San Dominic! that quite alters my opinion. Since your lordship is so liberal, and since your lordship desires it, far be it from me to contradict a personage of your lordship's dignity—You know, Juan, I always thought you a very good sort of a young man.

Fel. Then you consent?

Fer. Has not your lordship spoken it! — 'Tis yours to command—your humble servant lives but to obey!

Fel. Let the wedding be celebrated this evening! I love to see a set of joyous smiling faces round me—

and nothing sweetens the mind like matrimony—at least during the honey-moon.

Juan. Ah! Signor, you have made me happy for life!

Gen. And me also!

Fel. That's as it should be.—Retire then, and prepare to celebrate the wedding and my arrival together.—We'll have a dance, ay! and a song—eh! Genevieve?

Vas. Long live our generous master!

Gen. (*curtysing with animation*) Thank'ye, sweet Sir, thank'ye a thousand and a thousand times.

[*Exeunt JUAN and GENEVIEVE, JERONYMO and Vassals.*]

Fel. Well, Marco! do I not take the right road to happiness? Is not mine the way to enjoy life?

Mar. Ah, Sir! I fear that your Indian habits of profusion have accompanied you to the shores of Europe—do not lightly squander riches you have so dearly earned in many a hard campaign.

Fel. Marco! you are a blockhead—else you would know, that riches can never be laid out to greater advantage, than when they receive the interest of gratitude from virtuous hearts, or purchase the moist jewels that sparkle in the eye of pure affection.

Mar. It is in vain to argue with you on this point.

Fel. There you are right—for it is a point, on which my sentiments are fixed—I have been myself, thro' life, the mere creature of chance—a sort of animal shuttlecock, struck off by caprice from the one side, and rebounded by accident from the other, always receiving hard knocks, yet seldom injured by them—a truant fancy led me, when but an urchin, to forsake my native country—a tiny adventurer, I landed on the shores of India, with only Hope, and afterwards my sword, to support me—Fortune, and a

tropical sun, shone upon me at the same time—after twenty years absence, I returned with wealth and credit to the clime which had given me birth—I found my parents in the grave, and my brother, the only relation heaven had left me upon earth, wandered away, no man knew whither—I bought this estate of a ruined noble, because I was tired of rambling, and wished at last to find a home.—But still I am as a solitary link, broken from creation's chain—an odd card, shuffled into the pack by accident, rejected by its own suit, and not allowed to pair with any other.

Mar. Your brother must certainly be dead—else he would have answered the many advertisements you have inserted for him in the public journals.

Fel. I fear so too—therefore, Marco, as I have no relation of my own, I am resolved to become a father to all the little children upon my estate.

Mar. Indeed! the wives and daughters of your tenants are greatly beholden to you for your intentions.

Fel. Psha!—I don't mean that—no—tho' I am a great man now, my plebeian education will always prevent me from becoming a seducer—some how or other, chance never flings a pretty innocent in my way, but conscience steps between to keep me from temptation, and a still voice whispers from within me—"Fair Rose! you bloom and smell sweetly on the bush where Nature has planted you, mine shall not be the hand to pluck you thence, then cast you off to wither on the ground!"

Mar. Ah! Sir—

Fel. And "Ah!" Marco!—here we are in the shades of retirement surrounded by the Alps, and at twenty leagues distance from the capital—now, then, for a taste of country pleasures—how shall we begin? what are the amusements here?

Mar. The chace, Sir, is the most general diversion:

Fel. Umph!—That's a diversion which sometimes ends in breaking one's neck, isn't it?—I never went hunting but once—that was in India—a tiger hunt—then I went in splendour, mounted on an elephant, but I dare say I should like this—so give directions for the chace directly!

Mar. What, Sir, immediately, after a long journey?

Fel. Tush! man, we cannot enjoy the country too soon—I never lived till now—my day is just at its meridian, and I cannot afford to lose a single minute—away!—(*Exit MARCO.*) Here, then, I am, after twenty years of wandering, quietly seated in a home—noble house! beautiful grounds! splendid retinue! and all my own!—Ah!—how sweetly that phrase “*my own*” sounds upon a man's ear when it is applied to the good things of this world!—now, if I had only a comely, well-disposed woman for a wife, and two or three dozen of rosy-cheek'd children to dangle on my knee, I should be content—yes, then indeed, “*my own*” would sound delightfully!—yet after all that, we talk of fine estates and fine children—lud! lud!—where is the man, who with certainty can call them *his own*?

S O N G, *Felix.*

For worms when old Bibo proved delicate fare,

And was neatly dish'd up, by the sage Undertakers,
Then Bibo, the junior, succeeded as heir

To his plate, and his bullocks, his oaks, and his acres;

But queer was his fate!
 In pawn was the plate,
 And a cursed heavy mortgage lay on the Estate!
 "A ha!" quoth young Bibo, "in *fashion* I'm grown,
 I've a monstrous fine Income, I can't call *my own*."

Young Bibo was flighty—a wife he abhorr'd,
 But Steward grew crusty, and cash wasn't plenty,
 An alliance he form'd with a mighty rich lord,
 And married his daughter, who scarce had told
 twenty:

The lady was gay,
 Honey-moon pass'd away,
 But children grew thick as the buds on the spray;
 "A ha!" quoth young Bibo, "in *fashion* I'm grown,
 I've many fine babies I can't call *my own*."

Young Bibo grew desperate—gamed very deep.
 And friends while cash lasted came faster and faster;
 To hazard all night would he sacrifice sleep,
 And oft' would he groan at the sweet merry cafter.

But cash at an end,
 He tried every *friend*,
 And devil a one a brass farthing would lend!
 "A ha!" quoth young Bibo, "in *fashion* I'm grown,
 I've friends to my vice, but no friends of *my own*."

Exit FELIX.

SCENE II.—*The Inside of a miserable Cottage.—On one Side is an Entrance to the Forest—On the other, the Door of a Bed-room.*

HELENA is discovered seated pensively, watching an Hour-glass that stands on a Table beside her.

Hel. (raising the glass) Yes! the last sand has run—'Tis almost mid-day, and Rosalvi is not yet returned—Oh! interval of torturing suspense!—My husband! have you obtained for your wretched family that slender pittance which their pressing wants demand? (*looks out towards the forest*) Ah!—no—still he returns not—and these children, these dear children, whose sleep I have endeavoured to prolong—they still slumber—in blessed ignorance of those miseries which have banished repose from the pillow of their parents. Ye belov'd innocents! unbroken be your rest! for sleep is the most precious gift that heaven can bestow on the unhappy.

A I R, Helena.

Friend of the wretch, who claims no other friend,
Lull thou my children, O! assuasive sleep!
In stealing stillness on their couch descend,
And bind those eyes which open but to weep.
O'er their flush'd cheeks, their sever'd bosoms breathe,
And steep the bitter cares in sweet repose,
Then twine, in happy hour, thy poppy wreath,
With Hope's white bud and Fancy's thornless rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,
 And *feign* delights they ne'er as *truths* must know,
 Yet hold ! vain prayer—alas ! to dream of joys
 But aggravates our sense of waking woe !
 So, the lorn lonely slave whose dungeon's gloom,
 Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,
 Mourns as he muses on his earlier doom,
 The vanish'd years of liberty and light !

Enter FLORIO from the Chamber.

Flo. Good morrow, my dear mother !

Hel. (*kissing him*) Good morrow, my little Florio—
 you would better have remained longer in your bed
 —there is no fire yet lighted, and you will be cold.

Flo. No, mother, feel me yourself !

Hel. (*pressing his hand*) Ah ! these little hands !

Flo. Is not my father returned yet ?

Hel. No.

Flo. What, not yet ? (*sighs*)

Hel. No my love—but he will not delay long.

Flo. What is it o'clock ?

Hel. It is not late—we must give him proper
 time.

Flo. (*forcing a smile*) Yes, yes, mother.

Hel. My poor boy !—You must be very hungry.

Flo. Me ? oh ! no.

Hel. You would deceive me.

Flo. You forget, I had supper last night, but you
 had none.

Hel. Who told you so ?

Flo. Ah ! did not I see you divide, between my
 brother and myself, the small remains of the loaf,

and did not you afterwards turn away from us and weep? Ah! mother!

Hel. (*aside*) The sensibility of this dear child racks my very soul.

Flo. And do I not see you weeping even now, my dear mother?

Hel. Yes! but these are delicious drops and soothe me while they flow!

Ful. (*within*) Mother! mother!

Hel. Hark! your brother is awake!—go, my love, and help him to dress—afterwards you shall fetch some dry wood from the forest, such as your father laid here in a heap yesterday.

Flo. I will go my dear mother—but do not weep, for indeed I cannot bear that. [*Exit into the chamber.*]

Hel. Happy temper! never to complain—never to confess the sufferings which fall so heavily on his tender age; but freely to share with his younger brother, the scanty portion of food I gave him for himself. Ah! my children, with such virtuous hearts you cannot long remain unhappy! hark!—some one approaches. (*Enter ROSALVI from the forest*) Ah! Rosalvi!—my husband!—have you succeeded?—what do you bring us?

Ros. Misery—contempt—despair!

Hel. Alas!

Ros. My petition has been every where rejected—and my stern employer refuses to advance any money before the end of the week.

Hel. Oh! heavens! what will become of us to day?

Ros. I know not, for my own part, I could meet my fate resigned; but when I think on you and on our children——

Hel. Rosalvi! you know, I do not want courage.

Ros. I own my dear Helena, your fortitude has surprised me often.

Hel. Yes—even when the destroying flames consumed our dwelling and reduced our little property to ashes—when our unfeeling creditors forced us from Turin, and drove us forth in beggary, to seek a refuge in this dreary solitude, amidst the forests of Savoy. Thro' all the bitter changes of our fate, my fortitude never has deserted me; and tho' now, misery in its worst of shapes, the form of famine threatens to assail us, still my husband, I can press your hand with courage, and forbid you to despair.

Enter FLORIO and JULIO from the chamber.

Flo. Come, brother, father is returned.

Ros. Good morning, my little loves!—oh! heavens! what a question will they put to me—how shall I answer them?

Flo. (*looking round the cottage*) You have been gone long while.

Ros. Yes—yes—my love.

Jul. Have you brought us some breakfast? I am very hungry.

Flo. Hush!—brother, hush!

Hel. My poor children—their situation distracts me!

Ros. My loves! I have not brought you any food as yet—but in a quarter of an hour, you shall have every thing—yes, by heaven! tho' I perish for it! (*aside*)

Jul. In a quarter of an hour?

Ros. Yes, yes.

Flo. Then I will go into the forest and fetch the wood now—I shall be back in time—may Julio go with me?

Hel. Yes, my love—but do not wander too far.

Flo. Oh! no, I'll take care—come Julio.

[*Exeunt children.*]

Horns sound without.

Rof. Hark! the chace is abroad—the horn of the hunter sounds among the Alps—Helena, farewell for a while—I will return with comfort to you.

Hel. Whither, Rosalvi, would you go?

Rof. Any where to seek relief—all bosoms cannot be closed against the prayers of misery.

Hel. Go then, my husband, and be your prayers propitious! still cherish hope, and remember, heaven never deserts its creatures utterly, till they forfeit its protection by their crimes—let us still be virtuous, and we may still be happy!

[*Exeunt ROSALVI and HELENA.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

The Chace is heard at a Distance.

Enter FELIX.

Fel. So!—A pretty adventure I am like to make of this!—I must needs know the nature of a chace—Oh!—a plague on my curiosity—I am rewarded for it—My horse runs away with me, and after a nusing me for half an hour with a martyrdom of terror, tosses me into a thicket of brambles, and then leaves me to cool myself, and meditate among the thorns!—What will become of me in this detestable forest? what shall I do? (*the chace is heard gradually receding*)

The sound of the horn grows more distant every moment; and if I holloa myself hoarse, I can never make my servants hear—then this place is so entangled and perplexed with labyrinths, that if I attempt to find my way back to the castle, 'tis ten to one, but I wander further from it!—Oh! Felix! Felix! what devil possessed thee, to quit thy easy palanquin, and the banks of the Ganges, to mount a kicking filly in the forests of Savoy?

Enter ROSALVI behind.

Ros. Whither shall I turn?—every ear is deaf to the appeal of misfortune.

Fel. (looking out) There are so many paths—and I am such an unlucky dog, that were there only two, I should certainly chuse the wrong.

Ros. How can I return? How meet my wretched family?

Fel. And no habitation near, where I could apply.

Ros. (seeing him) Ah! a stranger—richly habited and alone! oh heaven! what would I do? no matter—despair is at my heart!—(*aloud*) Stranger!

Fel. Ah! a man!

Ros. A wretched one—you are a rich one!

Fel. What do you mean?

Ros. Plunder! (*wildly*) give me money!

Fel. How!

Ros. I command you!—

[*He presents a pistol, and stands for a moment in the attitude of fierce despair—suddenly a sense of shame appears to predominate—he casts the weapon from him, and throwing himself at the feet of*
FELIX, utters in a low and subdued tone—

No—no—I implore you!

Fel. Here's a fellow for you ! bullies and whimpers in the same breath !

Ros. Can you not feel compassion ?

Fel. Yes, for the unfortunate *always*—but for the vicious—never.

Ros. (*in broken accents*) You have money about you.

Fel. Aye ! aye !—now we come round to the old point.

Ros. You could lend——

Fel. Oh ! yes, *lend*—this is a cut-throat of gentility. (*aside*)

Ros. To an honest man.

Fel. Certainly, to an honest man.

Ros. Alas ! I *am* one (*faltering*) at least, I *would* be so.

Fel. I perceive it, no taste for the trade at present, but it may come in time ; how much money, do you want me to give—I beg pardon—to *lend* you ?

Ros. One ducat—I ask no more.

Fel. (*takes out his purse*) Well, here it is.

Ros. Thanks ! thanks ! it will preserve my wife from madness.

Fel. How ! a wife ! here take another ducat.

Ros. Bounteous mercy ! my children will be saved from famine.

Fel. Children too—pshaw ! curse it, here take the whole purse !

Ros. (*pauses for a moment in speechless excess of feeling, then clasps the hand of FELIX with enthusiasm*) Friend ! preserver ! guardian angel ! bless you ! bless you !—Oh heaven bless you ever ! [*he rushes rapidly down an obscure path, and in a moment is lost amidst the trees.*]

Fel. Hark ye !—come back !—Holloa !—Zounds ! he's out of sight, and I am left alone in this cursed wilderness again—I think my purse might have purchased for me the attendance of a guide—but my

borrowing friend vanishes before I can utter a syllable—umph! I do not know what to make of this adventure—the man certainly is not a common robber—no—his agitation—his sighs—the blush of shame that suffused his pallid features, when the pistol fell from his trembling hand—all convince me, that he rather merits pity than reproach—and when so many commit dishonourable actions, whose rank in society should place them above temptation's reach, let us not wonder, if a poor humble pilgrim, stumbling through life, over wants and difficulties, should sometimes deviate from the open path of honesty, and soil his feet in the dirty ways of knavery and fraud!

Flo. (*without*) Come along, brother!

Fel. Ah!—somebody comes—another borrower I'll be sworn—there is one in every alley of the forest!

Enter FLORIO and JULIO carrying Wood.

Flo. Brother! if that billet be too heavy, I'll carry it for you.

Jul. No,—I'm a stout little fellow, and I don't mind it.

Fel. Aha! these should be only dealers in the small way—hark ye! young ones, how far am I from the castle of Guicherie?

Flo. Ah! Signor, a long, long way—almost a league thro' the forest.

Fel. The devil I am! and how am I to find my way?

Flo. If you are a stranger, Sir, it will be difficult—but if you please, I will shew it you myself presently.

Fel. Just what I wanted—come my lads, I'll reward you.

Flo. Ah! but I must carry this wood home first, Sir.

Flo. Where is your home?

Flo. Only a step further—just behind yonder pine trees, if you will have the goodness, Signor, to walk with us there, I'll shew you to the castle directly afterwards.

Fel. Have with you my little pilots, you say it is not far?

Flo. What, to our cottage? Ah! no, just thro' the next thicket, this way, Signor! do not drop the sticks, brother! this way! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A romantic Defile amidst the Alps—the wild Harmony of the Chace reverberates from Rock to Rock, and the Hunters descend in different Groups, bearing their Prey in Triumph.*

Chorus of Hunters.

Hilloa ho! hilloa ho!

The woodlands are ringing with hilloa ho!

Up lofty mountain, down lowly dale,

Our bugles blowing, inspire the gale,

And echo mocking the hunter's tale,

Repeats hilloa! hilloa!

Enter MARCO.

Mar. Is our master found?

Piet. Not yet—he parted from us early in the chace—belike he has returned to the castle.

Mar. It may be so—but that he should quit the sport so soon is strange——Pray heaven! no harm may have befallen him—Blow your bugles lustily—and sound a signal to him thro' the woods—then if he answer not, onward to the castle.

FINALE.

Juan, Claudine, Ninette, &c.

Where the beech and pine embracing
 Blend their boughs and banish day,
 Thro' the gloom our path retracing
 Fearless tread the mossy way.
 There, our spears the wild-boar wounded,
 O'er his tusks red life-blood stream'd!
 There, his roar of anguish sounded,
 Madness from his eye-balls gleam'd!
 Now in choral burst united,
 Shouts proclaim the monster slain!
 Echo, from her slumbers frightened,
 Walks the wood, and shouts again!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Castle Hall, fancifully decorated for the Wedding.*

Enter JUAN.

Juan. The moment is at last arrived, that gives me happiness and Genevieve!—These sluggish villagers to loiter thus—they never could have been in love themselves, or the memory of their own desires would speak the eagerness of mine, and bid them move with fleeter feet.

AIR, Juan.

Delighted Fancy hails the hour

That grants me Genevieve ;

She brings me TRUTH—ah ! precious dower !

What more could Fortune give ?

Content shall bless our sylvan cot,

Glad labour yield us health,

While love fills up the happy spot

And leaves no room for wealth.

Enter JERONYMO and GENEVIEVE!

Jer. There! look you there! Are not these symptoms of taste? All my own doing! Nobody could have devised such ingenious decorations but myself. Yes, yes, though I say it, who should not say it, for a proper virtù, and for a peculiar nicety of judgment in the fine arts, old Jeronymo has few equals.

Gen. Well, it really looks very pretty; but I wish—

Jer. Aye, I know it. You wish the church doors were thrown open, and the priest standing with the book in his hand. A ha! I never knew a girl upon the point of matrimony, but she kept wishing and wishing, 'till all the ceremonies were compleated.—Be of heart! the villagers will soon arrive, and then, hey for father Dominic—fitting the king—flinging the stocking—and kissing the bridemaids!

Gen. Nay, but the Signor is not returned from the chase.

Jer. Never mind, the marriage can be performed without him—he did not desire us to wait; so, hold yourselves prepared, and I'll look out for the villagers.

[*Exit,*

Gen. Ah, Juan! this is a happy day!

Juan. It is indeed! possession of my Genevieve, leaves me not a wish ungratified.

DUETTO,

DUETTO, Genevieve and Juan.

Sweet myrtles and soft thornless roses
 Dress all the ties to wedlock due,
 A deathless bloom each link discloses,
 If hearts, once plighted, rest but true.
 Ah! let me long such bondage bear,
 Such beauteous fetters ever wear!

My youthful vows of faith I'll cherish,
 Till these warm veins forbear to flow,
 On beauty's cheek the rose may perish,
 And sunny ringlets change to snow.
 But tho' in age our forms decay,
 Our hearts shall boast ETERNAL MAY!

Re-enter JERONYMO.

Jer. Here they come! the villagers are arrived,
 with ribbons waving, music playing, lambs bleating,
 doves cooing—laughing faces, and merry hearts.—
 (*music without*) There, don't you hear them.

Gen. Oh! yes; and every pulse quickens at the
 sound!

[*Doors at the end of the hall open, and a rustic
 procession enters—Savoyard music—men with
 crooks, surmounted by ribbon-steamers—women
 with garlands, lambs bound with flowers, and*

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

doves in small baskets, as presents—A bridal car, formed of boughs—A tun, across which a peasant sits in a bacchanal habit—the procession parades the stage, and advances to GENEVIEVE.

CHORUS.

The skies are bath'd in sunny light,
The winds in whispers seem to move,
The scene, the time, to blifs invite,
And mould the easy soul for love.

May yon clear heaven, this stealing gale,
Long future years of peace foretel ;
And never storm the bower assail,
Where wedded love delights to dwell !

SOLO, Claudine.

This lamb I offer bound with flowers,
So gently move your nuptial hours !

SOLO, Ninette.

I give this pair of murmuring doves,
White symbols of your spotless loves !

SOLO, Genevieve.

Ye gentle maids ! the boons you give
As tender *pledges* I receive ;
Full soon for *you* the swains shall burn,
Then Genevieve may give in turn.

C H O R U S.

Hark! the village bells ring round!
Love is in their sprightly sound.
Haste! nor longer lose the day,
Haste, oh, Genevieve, away!

The Peasants place GENEVIEVE in the car, and carry her off in procession.

SCENE II.—*Outside of a Posada, near the Forest.*

Enter ROSALVI and BAPTISTA.

Bap. What's this you say, master Vincent? I fill you a basket with provisions? A likely tale, by the mas! No, no, I don't keep a larder for customers of your fort.

Ros. I will pay you honestly for all.

Bap. Aye, with fine speeches and moonshine, I warrant me—but I am for more substantial payment; so good morrow, master Vincent.

Ros. Hold! sirrah!

Bap. "Sirrah" in your teeth!—Why how now, you impudent son of hunger, is it for vermin like you, to come with bras in their faces, but not even copper in their pockets, and abuse us respectable householders, and personages of degree? I'll make you know, you beggarly rascalion, that——

Ros. (*pulls out a purse*) Here! behold your deity, and adore in silence.

Bap. Oh! San Antonio! Oh! Santa Teresa!—And oh! all ye Saints and Saintesses in the Calendar, it is gold! Yea, real, musical, beautiful, and honorable gold!—Marry, master Vincent, Fortune's sun must have shone upon you pipingly hot, since yesterday.

Ros. Begone, knave, and fill me the basket.

Bap. Signor, you shall be obeyed. I know you now, to be a man of authority, and I doff my cap to you—Sweet sir, please to regale my ear with the harmony of that purse again. (*ROSALVI shakes it scornfully*) Oh, what a concert of goldfinches! Enough! the sound has charmed me to obedience—Signor, you shall have the basket. [*Exit into Pojada.*]

Ros. Be speedy, fellow—Yes, my wife and children will be saved—Once more I feel the gladdening touch of hope, and a crowd of delicious images, long banished from my bosom, return, and soothe its sorrows into rest.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, with a Basket.

Bap. Here is the basket, signor. (*aside*) I always say "signor" when I am likely to be paid for my politeness.

Ros. Here, then, is the money—And now, my Helena! my children! I fly to kiss away your tears.

[*Exit.*]

Bap. Old father Benedict, in his Homily last Sunday, said the age of miracles had ceased. Marry! but saving his sanctity, I think the preacher lied abominably; for what but a miracle, aye! and a thumping one too, could make a rich bully out of a starved devil, who but a few hours back, would have given away his doublet for the leavings of my trencher;

Enter MARCO and PIETRO.

Mar. Still no tidings of him! Where can we search?

Bap. Save ye, my sweet masters. (*bowing*)

Mar. Peasant, hast seen a cavalier pass this way within the hour?

Bap. No, truly—Are you from the chase that seek him?

Mar. Yes; it is our master—Just now we found his horse, without the rider.

Piet. Heaven send he be not fallen among banditti.

Bap. No, our forest is clear of such gentry—Tho' it is strange how some folk hereabouts earn their money. Just now comes to me a spark, who but yesterday, had begged my charity, and clinks before my face at least a score of bright ducats.

Mar. Indeed!

Bap. Aye, and to mend the marvel, the purse that held them was a net-work of green and gold.

Mar. How! our master had exactly such a purse. He has been robbed, perhaps worse. Which way went this man?

Bap. Along the path to the right—He walked very fast, but I think you may overtake him.

Mar. Follow me!—Let us pursue the wretch, and deliver him into the hands of justice.

[*Exeunt hastily.*]

Bap. Follow you, indeed! not I, truly, my masters! Every man follow his own business: Yours may lie yonder; but mine lies *here*.

SONG, Baptista.

I keep a snug inn by the side of the road,
Where all who bring money are welcome to bait,
The muleteer grins when he spies my abode,
For *I take in* the traveller early and late ;
An equipage stops, and I bow to the stranger,
The mules may keep fast, or must feed on the
manger ;
While the pride of my larder I shew to my lord,
And a delicate chicken cook up for his board ;
'Tis true, that my poultry is sometimes found tough,
Yet six years ago it was tender enough.
If folks chance to eat little, they'll sleep more at ease,
And enjoy a down-bed—very noted for *fleas* !
Still from worlds old and new,
Paris, Spa or Peru,
Born next the north pole, or hatch'd under the line,
Guests from each quarter,
The Turk and the Tartar,
The Russian, the Prussian,
Hollanders, Polanders,
Gentiles and Jews,
Here mix and confuse,
And all of them—all of them—flock to my sign !

II.

Should a guest, in a passion, despite of my care,
 Complain of ill lodging, and rail at bad fare,
 I've always a salvo to keep conscience still,
 And to balance *short commons*, present a *long bill*.
 So if there was nothing to *eat* he should say,
 He'll find to his cost, there is plenty to *pay*.
 Perhaps for extortion, I meet with a curse,
 But I pocket an oath, when I draw out a *purse*.
 For tho' evil words often wound a good name,
 Yet gold makes an excellent plaister for fame,
 And when "*honour lost*" with "*cash gain'd*" I divide,
 The *weight* of the argument rests on my side.

Still from worlds old and new, &c.

SCENE III.—*The Cottage.*

HELENA, *seated, with JULIO on her Knee. FELIX*
lies upon a Pallet, asleep. FLORIO enters at the
Door, from the Forest.

Hel. Hush! step softly, lest you wake the Signor.
 Well, is your father yet in sight?

Flo. Ah! no—I have looked for him in vain.

Jul. Oh! mother, isn't it a quarter of an hour
 yet? I am so hungry.

Hel. My love! my dear child! (*aside*) Oh, misery! must I behold them perish!

Fel. (*in his sleep*) Holloa! stop the horse! catch the bridle! I've lost the stirrups!—There, I'm off.
[*Starts up confusedly.*]

Hel. Sir!

Fel. Bless me! where am I? Oh, now I recollect---Madam, I beg a thousand pardons. I find myself sitting in your snug cottage; but I dreamed that I was scrambling among the brambles again.

Hel. I trust, Sir, your slumbers have refreshed you.

Fel. Perfectly, Madam; but I protest, I am quite ashamed—to fall asleep in a lady's company betrays such ill manners; but, faith, I don't know how it was, the fatigue of a long journey, the agitation of my experiment in horsemanship, and my subsequent exertions among the brambles, altogether produced a sort of heavy sensation, which first made me nod, afterwards dose, and, at last, fall fast asleep. I protest, I am so ashamed—but, I hope, Madam, you will pardon me.

Hel. Oh! Sir, I do not believe you can easily commit an action that should require a pardon.

Fel. Madam, you are so polite! (*aside*) A mighty sensible sort of woman this! I should like just such a one for my wife. Pray, Madam, have I slept long?

Hel. About half an hour. While you rested, I sent my children thro' the forest, in quest of your attendants; but, without success. Florio, however, is ready to become your guide, whenever you may please to honour him by your commands.

Fel. I am infinitely obliged to you; but I am sorry to depart without seeing your husband.

Hel. I expect his return every moment.

Fel. Oh! dear, I wish he was come!

Hel. Hush!

Fel. I am sure I shou'd like him, at least, if he at all resembles his family.

Hel. He is indeed, a very good, and honest man. (*sighs*)

Fel. No doubt. Faith, Madam, I have slept myself into an appetite. Might I trouble you for a little refreshment, before I undertake my walk?

Hel. Sir, I—I—

Fel. Oh! merely a slice of bread, and a glass of your home-made wine.

Hel. Sir, I should be happy—proud—but—

Fel. Nay, I don't mind the bread being brown—I can eat any thing.

Hel. I must confess to you, Sir, that my husband is now gone to purchase provisions; and, 'till he returns, I have nothing in the house to offer.

Fel. Oh! if that be the case, hunger and I must e'en make a compromise—But, faith! now I remember, old Jeronymo would thrust a flask of cordial and a hunting cake into my pocket, before I set out—Let's see—aye, here they are.

Both Children. A cake!

Fel. Madam, will you taste? (*she declines*) Then my best service to you. (*drinks*)

[*Children creep close to FELIX eagerly.*]

Well, my little friends, will you have some cake? Madam, will you allow me to——

Hel. (*struggling between pride and tenderness, draws away JULIO, lest his eagerness should betray their condition*) Oh! Sir, it is too great a luxury for them—

Fel. You won't suffer them? Well, mothers must bring up their children in their own way.

Jul. Ah! mother! (*mournfully*)

Fel. (*observing the Childrens looks*) Come, Madam, allow them for once—will you not?

Hel. (*yielding to her feelings*) Oh! yes, yes.

Fel. There, my love ! (*gives a piece to FLORIO*)

Flo. Thank you, Sir ! (*runs eagerly, and gives it to JULIO*) take it brother—I am not so hungry as you are.

Fel (*observing*) Madam, you are happy in such children. Here, my friend, take this for yourself. (*gives the rest to FLORIO.*)

[*The Children retire up the Stage, and eat with avidity.*]
The little rogues ! how they eat ! I suppose, now, they have already had three or four meals to-day ?

Hel. Three or four meals ! Ah ! Sir, the children of the poor are happy if they receive, even one, in the day.

Fel. Indeed ! that may be true ; and extreme want may sometimes drive, even the virtuous, upon desperate courses—for instance, the man who attacked me in the forest.——

Hel. Have you been attacked, Sir ?

Fel. Not an hour ago.

Hel. By a robber ?

Fel. Umph ! not exactly that—but a gentleman, who borrows money, as he passes.

Hel. You surprise me greatly. The inhabitants of this country, it is true, are poor ; but honest, hospitable, and sincere ; and the traveller has ever found, in their guileless natures, the pledge of his security.

Fel. Ay, worthy people, like your husband and yourself. But all the neighbourhood may not resemble you.

Hel. You should prefer your complaint before a magistrate—the culprit must be found, and brought to justice.

Fel. I should be very sorry to have it so.

Hel. Yet, wherefore ? A robber !

Fel I did not call him so : he rather appeared to me an unfortunate man, urged by his necessities to

commit actions which his heart condemned. He spoke to me of a wife and children, whom he had left starving.

Hel. (*aside, with quick emotion*) Ha! should it be? no, no, it cannot.

Fel. His story might be invention; but, were I certain of its truth, I should compassionate—nay esteem him as a friend, rather than reproach him with the term of robber.

(*A shout of people heard without.*)

Hel. Hark! what cries are these?

[*ROSALVI rushes in at the door from the forest, with frantic haste; he fastens the bolt, and seems to listen.*

Hel. Ah! my husband!

Ros. Helena! save me! I am pursued—take this purse—conceal it.

Hel. Gold! infamy! pollution! oh, my husband, what have you done? *A robber!*

Ros. For you—for my children. Helena! do not scorn me.

Fel. (*exultingly*) His tale was true—He is an honest man.

Ros. Ah! my benefactor! you, only, can preserve me—do not accuse me—for the sake of these innocents, do not.

Fel. I accuse you? Look ye, my friend, I have slept soundly under this roof, and were I to betray its owner, I should never expect to rest again, beneath my own.

(*Uproar is heard at the door.*)

Open the door, my friend, and fear not—I will free you, even from suspicion.

[*ROSALVI opens the door, JERONYMO and a crowd of Vassals rush in.*

Fer. Now we have caught the villain—seize him—
—knock him down.

Fel. (*advancing*) Heyday! old gentleman, what makes you so riotous?

Fer. Oh! the saints! by my veracity, the Signor himself!

Mar. My dear master, we thought you had been robbed, and——

Fel. And murdered, I suppose---I am happy, gentlemen, to acquaint you, that neither of those accidents have befallen me. I fear you have insulted this worthy man, through your suspicion—I sent him with my purse, to purchase provisions for his family. (*aside*) That's a white lie, at most.

Fer. Your lordship must pardon the excess of our prodigious zeal for your lordship's welfare; I protest that my agitation——

Fel. No doubt, was very great.---retire!

[*Vassals go to the back of the stage.*
Fel. My friend, the Castle of Guicherie is at no great distance---I shall often see you there.

Ros. (*kissing his hand*) Generous man!

Hel. Our children shall be taught to bless you in their prayers.

Fel. Speak---can I serve you in any way? I am sure you have not been accustomed to this sphere of life.

Hel. We have indeed, known happier days.

Fel. You interest me strongly. Are you natives of this country?

Ros. With you, our generous preserver, we can have no concealments. Two years since misfortune drove us to this wilderness, and I am only known here as Vincent the poor HUNTER OF THE ALPS; but Turin gave me birth, and the name of my family is Rosalvi.

Fel. What! Rosalvi!——good heavens! I am

almost choaking—give me breath—speak—is your name Ferdinand Rosalvi?

Ros. Ferdinand is, indeed, my name.

Fel. (*in delirious transport*) Huzza! he's found! he's recovered! huzza! huzza! You think I am mad—but I am not—you have a brother——

Ros. I had—dear, unfortunate Felix! he left his family, when a boy, and died in India.

Fel. No, that's wrong, for he lives in Savoy.

Ros. How!

Fel. He stands before you now—he clasps you in his arms—he presses you to his heart, and calls you by the dear, dear name of brother! [*throws himself upon ROSALVI'S bosom,*

Ros. Benignant Providence!

Hel. Rosalvi! did I not forbid you to despair? the night of our misery rolls away!

Fel. Aye, and the day of happiness that succeeds, shall last as long as Felix can command a ducat to purchase its sunshine. We will never separate—my house shall be yours, and, as a compromise, your children shall be mine.

Ros. Are we, indeed, so blest?

Fel. Faith! I am the happiest fellow! Ferdinand, your hand! dear sister, yours! Little ones—No, hang it! I can only manage two at a time; but I'll hug you by and by. Approach, my friends, and partake your master's joy.

Fer. Signor! permit me to deliver an extempore oration on this fortunate event.

Fel. By your leave, old gentleman, we'll postpone that compliment. Away to the Castle! there will we mutually recount the adventures of our youth, and while we muse upon the rencontre of this happy hour, bless the cause that produced it, and gratefully remember in our cups, the *Runaway Horse*, that flung its rider in the forests of Savoy.

FINALE,

Felix. The road of life is rough, some say,
 And round the tempest lowers,
 But love can chase the clouds away,
 And strew the path with flowers.

Cho. Then strike the lute, then sweep the lyre,
 To Love devote the strain;
 For Love in frost can kindle fire,
 And turn to pleasure, pain!

Genev. Love with soft meaning swells the sigh,
 Sucks honey from the kisses,
 In liquid lustre floats the eye,
 And melts the soul in bliss.

Cho. Then strike the lute, then sweep the lyre,
 To Love devote the strain;
 For Love in frost can kindle fire,
 And turn to pleasure, pain!

THE END.

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